

How to get Killed by a Warthog

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Summary: We all know it, we all love it, but what happens when it gets used wrong? You never let anyone else drive it again, that's what. Oneshot fic, rated for some bad language and small amount of violence. And improper use of jeep.

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Disclaimer: I do not own anything relating to the Halo universe._

Exclaimer: No, I don't have anything against the Warthog. I love that big lugnut and sight of all those poor old Covie bastards diving out of the way of the all-purpose, all-terrain wheels. But sometimes one can only put up with getting killed by an old friend so much. This fic is set in a Co-op campaign level, featuring two fictional Spartans. And yes, this has actually happened to me.

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"Right," Spartan 116 knelt down and reloaded a clip into his SMG, "stealth start, short controlled bursts, disable turrets as a priority. Synched?"

Spartan 118 sighed and clicked his magnum with a grim finality. "Whatever, let's just kick some Covenant ass."

He charged up along the pipe out of the under-highway, Spartan 116 trailing after.

On an outcrop of rock just ahead, a Jackal stood with its back to the two Spartans.

"Stealth kill," muttered 116.

"Screw that!" 118 slammed the butt of the magnum into the Jackal's

back, "hoo ra!" The creature gave a shriek loud enough to wake the dead and whirled around.

118 hit it again, drawing another loud screech.

One final hit finally killed the creature and 118 slid down the cliff towards the Covenant horde.

116 wandered over to the edge and pulled his pilfered beam rifle down from his shoulder, intent on picking off several of the Elites before 118 hurt himself.

Suddenly a gauss-mounted Warthog pulled up nearby, the marine in the drivers seat called out, "hey Chief! We could use you on the gun!"

116 grinned and bounded down the cliff as 118 also made a beeline towards the jeep.

Unfortunately heavy fire from a nearby plasma turret forced it to drive off before either reached it.

118 ran after it, yelling angrily, while 116 blew a hole between the eyes of the unfortunate Grunt on the turret.

An Elite and a pair of Jackals followed suit, when the Warthog came back around again.

116 turned and waved, trying to attract the driver's attention.

The jeep didn't slow down.

"Please." Hissed 116 through gritted teeth. "Stop, please."

The driver gunned the accelerator.

"Aw fuâ€| "

The front bumper slammed into the hapless Spartan's stomach, flipping him head-first over the windscreen and turning a neat somersault above the gauss cannon, and he was annoyed to find that the only thought going through his head was how funny this must have looked from a third-person perspectiveâ€|

Consciousness hit him several minutes later, when he found himself lying facedown in the grass.

"â€|ck." The Spartan groaned. He sat up and shook himself off, noting the crack running across his visor.

He shoveled his grenades back into his pockets and picked up his dropped guns, wondering why an assault rifle seemed to have materialized in his hand.

With a vague muzzyness he noted that most of the aliens seemed to be dead, clearly 118 wasn't _that_ useless after all.

He also could see the Warthog, waiting tantalizingly near a concrete wall.

He grinned, glad that things, at last, were looking up.

He was distracted momentarily as a surviving Jackal hit him in the shoulder with a green plasma shot. It fell back moments later with a hole in its throat.

116 coolly slid the alien sniper rifle back into its holster and strode towards the Warthog with long, easy strides.

The gauss cannon swiveled around and before 116 could react, sent a high-powered shot slamming into his chest.

116 was blown backwards by the blast, having his feet momentarily up above his head, and before lost consciousness he heard the Elite that had commandeered the gun puff out its throat like an overgrown frog and laugh hoarsely. "Wort wort wort wort, the Demon, I killed it!"

116 groaned and lost consciousness.

He was surprised, several minutes later, to find he woke up again.

A crater had been blasted in his breastplate, but, and here he felt a bit of national pride, it was made on Earth and made to last.

For some reason there was another assault rifle lying across his knees.

He put it down to 118 playing silly-buggers.

116 stood up, noting that the front of his visor was covered in Jackal drool but deciding not to comment.

He kicked the latest assault rifle aside and picked up his discarded weaponry.

He then noticed two Ghosts circling him, like sharks.

One of the Elite pilots leaned over with a sneer. "The Demon lives? Not for long."

Both gunned their motors and began spiraling around the Spartan, waiting for him to make the first move.

116 lunged at the nearest, but it pulled back, and the second turned neatly and glided at speed towards his exposed back.

116 leapt into the air, twisted and landed on the front of the Ghost, slamming his fist into the creature's maw and flipping it out of its seat, before swinging in behind the controls.

He grinned and let out a volley of plasma shots, causing the second Ghost to explode spectacularly in a puff of blue-tinged smoke and fire.

116 gunned the motor into reverse and backed over the other Elite as it struggled to its feet.

With a roar of the engine, he soared towards the next area, witnessing a battle already unfolding before him.

Multiple Ghosts zipped around the Warthog, re-commandeered by 118 and the marine.

Nearby, a Wraith took potshots with its plasma mortar.

116 soared into the fray, delivering a punishing series of blows to one of the Ghosts, and darting through the wreckage as it spun into the air.

He pumped a volley into the Wraith, then darted away as the plasma mortar scorched the earth nearby.

Another Ghost flew over his head in two parts as 118 wreaked havoc with the gauss cannon.

116 swooped back past the Wraith, slamming another volley into its flank, and watching, satisfied, as it burst like a giant purple pustule.

A bright pink beam of energy bounced off the hood of his Ghost, and 116 turned to see a Jackal sniper lining up another shot.

116 took aim at the creature, hands hovering over the weapon controls.

"Hey, there's another one!" He gave a start at the sound of 118's voice.

Then there was the sound of the Gauss cannon firing.

The last thing to go through 116's head as his Ghost erupted around him, aside from his internal organs, was the thought, "not that bloody Warthog again!"

End
file.